

The most lamentable Tragedie.

Moore. No more great Empresse, *Bastianus* comes,
Be cross with him, and Ile goe fetch thy sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what so ere they be.

Bastian. Who haue we heere? Romes royall Empresse,
Vnfurnisht of our well besecming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To see the generall hunting in this Forrest?

Tamora. Sawcie controulers of our priuate steps,
Had I the power, that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently,
With hornes as was *Ateons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lavinia. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to try experiments:

Ioue shield your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bastian. Belceue me Queene your swarty Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your traine?
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steed,
And wandred hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lavinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For faulnes, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Raven culloured loue,
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bastian. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lavinia.

of Titus Andronicus

Lavinia. I, for these slips haue made
Good King to be somightily abused.

Queene. Why I haue patience to

Enter Chiron and Demetrius

Dem. How now deere soueraigne
Why doth your Highnes looke so pale?

Queene. Haue I not reason think
These two haue tyced me hither to
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though Sommer, yet for
Orecome with mosse and balefull mist,
Heere neuer shines the Sunne, heere
Vnlesse the nightly Owle or fatall

And when they shewd me this abhorred
They told me heere at dead time of
A thousand feinds, a thousand hissing
Ten thousand swelling toades, as many
Would make such fearefull and conuulsions
As any mortall body hearing it

Should straite fall mad, or else die
No sooner had they told this hellish
But strait they told me they would
Vnto the body of a dismall Ewe,

And leaue me to this miserable death
And then they calld me foule adulteress
Lasciuious Goth, and all the bitter

That euer eare did heare to such effect
And had you not by wondrous fortune
This vengeance on me had they euen
Reuenge it as you loue your mother

Or be ye not henceforth cald my

Demet. This is a witnes that I

Chiron. And this for me strook

Lavinia. I come Semeramis, nay

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